WRITE TO SMASH—AND WIN A HULK SWEATSHIRT!

7d

SMASH!

No 33
17th SEPT. 1966
EVERY TUESDAY

KERPOWEE! IT'S BATMAN TIME AGAIN!

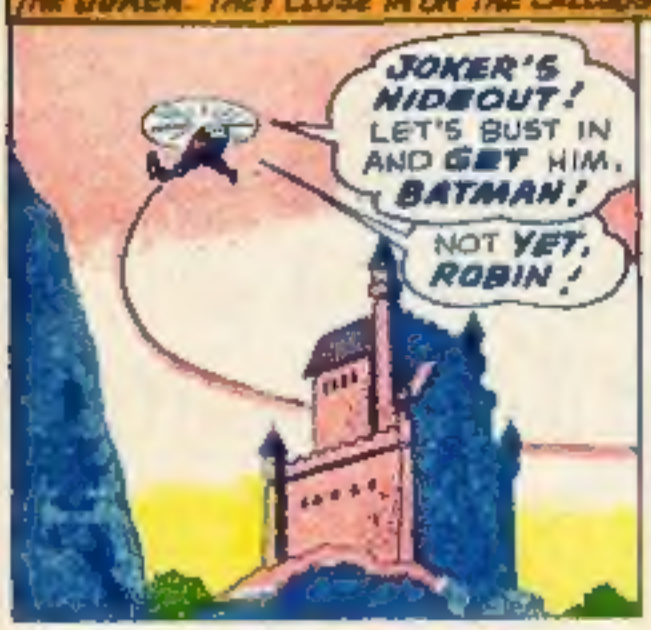
BATMAN

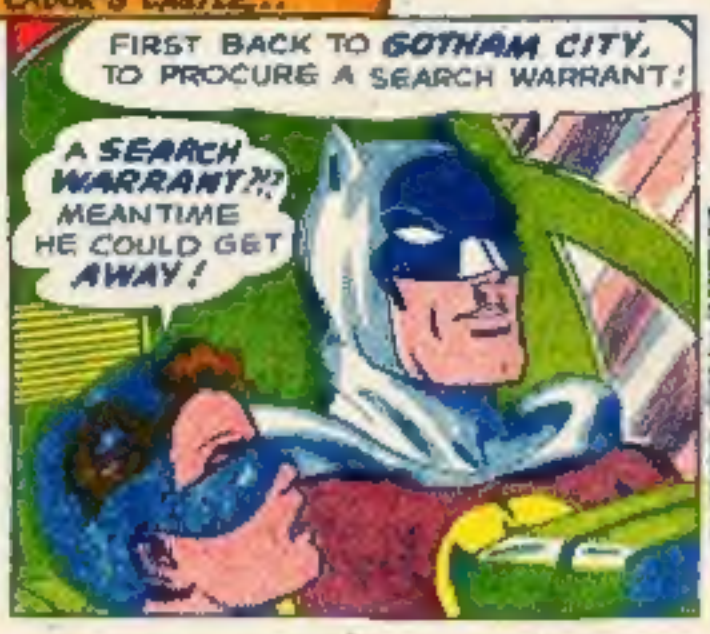
With ROBIN The Boy Wonder

BOB KANE

THE DYNAMIC DUO ARE BATTING AFTER THAT COMEDIAN OF CRIME— THE JOKER. THEY CLOSE IN ON THE CALLOUS CROOK'S CASTLE...

INSIDE! THE MOST COLOSSAL BATTLE IN COMIC HISTORY BEGINS—
THE INCREDIBLE HULK
V
THE INVINCIBLE IRON MAN!
SECONDS OUT— AND TURN THE PAGES FAST FOR THE THRILL OF A LIFETIME!





DON'T LOSE COOL, BOSS JOKER. ME SURE BATMAN AND ROBIN COME BACK!
THEY'D BETTER, BY GRAVY--IF THEY HAVE AN OUNCE OF DECENCY LEFT IN THEM!
TURN THE PAGE— BUT FAST!

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THERE'S THE COUNTY COURTHOUSE, BATMAN! ARE YOU GOING TO LAND ON THE ROOF?

NO TIME FOR THAT, ROBIN! WE'LL USE THE BATLADDER!

I RECEIVED YOUR RADIO REQUEST, BOY WONDER! HERE'S YOUR SEARCH WARRANT!

THANKS, JUDGE!

HANG ON, ROBIN! WITH THAT SEARCH WARRANT WE CAN TRUMP THE JOKER!

HERE COMES DAT HOPPED-UP WHIRLYBIRD AGAIN, JOKER!

AH! SO BATMAN AND THE BOY ARE RETURNING!

SO WE'LL SHOOT 'EM DOWN WITH OUR ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS!

CERTAINLY NOT, YOU GREAT OAF! THAT WOULD BE FAR TOO IMPERSONAL!

WHEN I DO AWAY WITH THE DYNAMIC DUO, I WANT TO SEE THEM CRINGE!

UGH! YOU HEAP BLOODTHIRSTY CHIEF, BOSS JOKER!

YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN, LAUGHING GIRL! THE FUTURE LOOKS FEARSOME FOR OUR FRIENDS!

YOU MEAN WE'RE GOING RIGHT UP TO THE FRONT DOOR AND RING THE BELL?!?

EXACTLY, ROBIN! REMEMBER-- WE HAVE LEGALITY ON OUR SIDE!

WE HAVE A WARRANT FOR THE ARREST OF YOUR CRIMINAL COHORT, THE JOKER!

IT IS POWERFUL MEDICINE, YELLOW-HAIR!

WHERE DOES SHE GET THAT "YELLOW-HAIR" STUFF?!?

JUST AN OLD SIOUX EXPRESSION, CHUM, DATING BACK TO GENERAL CUSTER, NO DOUBT.

OH!

YOU ARE WELCOME TO THE TEPEE OF LAUGHING GIRL, YELLOW-HAIR, ENTER!

BEWARE, BATMAN! BE WARY, BOY WONDER! THIS COULD BE A TRICKY TRAP!

MAYBE YOU FIND JOKER DOWN THERE!

TRAPPED!

--BY A TRAP DOOR!

HOW DROLL TO SIT HERE IN SAFETY AND WATCH THEIR WOES ON MY CLOSED-CIRCUIT TV SYSTEM!

HOLY SAFARI!

I'M AFRAID IT WAS A MISTAKE TO TRUST THAT GIRL!

DON'T MISS NEXT WEEK'S HAZARDOUS HAPPENINGS IN THIS DEN OF EVIL!

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Percy's Pets

COD! I WONDER WHERE MY PET MICE ARE? I HAVEN'T SEEN THEM ALL AFTERNOON!

HEE! HEE! WE'RE PLAYING CRICKET! IT'S GREAT FUN!

LONG LEG

SQUARE LEG

TEST MATCHES

CHARLIE GRIFFITHS

SILLY MID ON

CRACK!

COR! WHAT A CRACK! THAT'S A SIX AT LEAST!

CRACK!

AAGH! ME SPECS!

HELP! RUN FOR IT! WE'VE BROKEN A WINDOW!

AAGH! IT'S PERCY'S MICE! LOOK, THEY'VE BEEN PLAYING CRICKET ON MY BILLIARD TABLE! THE GREEN CLOTH WILL BE RUINED! GRR!

OH, HECK! SO THAT'S WHERE THEY WERE! GULP!

DOWN ON THE FLOOR...

ABOUT TWO INCHES TO THE LEFT, MICKY!

AIEE!

SNAP!

OH, NO! THEY'VE CAUGHT GRANDAD IN THEIR LEG TRAP!

NOW I'LL GET GRANDAD WITH MY LEFT-HANDED GOOGLIE - THE CHINAMAN! HEH! YELLY-HEH!

A CHINESE MOUSE

SPLUDGE!

AAGH!

AND I'LL SHOW GRANDAD MY COVER DRIVE!

EE!

NO! NO! STOP IT, LADS! NOW I'LL GET A GOOD HIDING!

RIGHT FIRST TIME, ME LAD!

OH! NO! DAD!

POOR OLD PERCY! CAUGHT IN THE SLIPS-ER-SLIPPERS!

SMACK!

THUD!

WHACK!

GRR! GRR! SNARL!

GULP! I THINK PERCY'S TRYING TO GET US OUT!

YAH! OUT FOR THE COUNT! THIS JUST ISN'T CRICKET! HELP!

BAD PENNY

ONE PENNY 1966

AMMO

OH, BOY! AUTUMN'S HERE! THE LEAVES ARE FALLING!

EEK!

SHAKE!

I'LL HELP 'EM ALONG A BIT!

THAT ROTTER PENNY'S ALWAYS BASHING ME! NOW'S MY CHANCE TO GET MY OWN BACK!

I'LL SOON HAVE ENOUGH LEAVES TO MAKE A BIG BONFIRE!

HERE'S CYRIL POTTS— HE'S BEEN PRESSING LEAVES IN HIS ALBUM

HERE'S SOME MORE LEAVES FOR YOU PENNY! HA! HA!

CLUNK!

WHERE IS HE??

CLUNK!

HERE— YOU CAN HAVE YOUR LEAF ALBUM BACK!

CLONK!

HERE'S A LEAF FOR YOUR ALBUM— AND IT'S STILL ON THE BRANCH! HEE! HEE!

CRUNCH!

BASH! BIFF! BONK!

OW!

THUD!

ERK!

BIFF!

THUMP!

STOP! LET'S SMOKE UM PEACE PIPE! THIS DRAINAGE PIPE WILL DO!

?

I'LL KILL IT FULL OF LEAVES!

GASP!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, CYRIL?

GULP!

STAGGER!

CYRIL'S BOOK'S HANDY FOR INJUN SMOKE SIGNALS!

AAAGH! I CAN'T SEE WHERE I'M GOING FOR THIS SMOKE!

ZOOM!

CRASH!

OW! HELP! YOW!

SPLINTER! CRUNCH!

?

IT WAS HER FAULT! LET'S BASH HER!

TEE!HEE! THEY CAN'T GET ME NOW!

NO FISHING

WE'LL PADDLE AFTER PENNY ON THESE EMPTY OIL DRUMS!

NO FISHING

CRUMBS! I'D BETTER HIDE MYSELF IN A SMOKE SCREEN!

HELP! THE BURNING LEAVES HAVE SET FIRE TO MY TROLLEY! I'LL SINK!

HA! HA! HA!

HEE! HEE!

WHAT'S SO FUNNY?

PHEW! WHAT A PONG! KEEP BACK!

ONE GOOD THING—I PONG SO MUCH THEY CAN'T GET NEAR ME TO GIVE ME A BASHING!

NIFF!

SLIMY POND SMELL!

PONG!

SQUELCH!

BACK HOME...

HELLO, PENNY. I'VE GOT A JOB FOR YOU. BURN THESE LEAVES FOR ME!

WHAT DID I SAY WRONG?

RAGE!

SNARL!

GRINDING OF TEETH!

GNASH!

RUBBER MAN!

NO DOUBT ABOUT IT, SMASHERS! THE TERRIBLE TRIALS OF RUBBERMAN WOULD STRETCH ANY OTHER MAN'S NERVES TO SNAPPING POINT! NOW, CRUEL FATE TRAPS OUR WAY-OUT HERO IN A JUNK-CAR HEAP... WITH TERROR-LOVING DOCTOR FEAR LOOKING ON...

IT'S NO GOOD! I—I CAN'T PULL MYSELF CLEAR!

AS THE VILLAINS IN BOOKS SAY, RUBBERMAN— YOU ARE AT MY MERCY!

AND AS YOU SAID, BOSS—POUR ON SOME PETROL— LIGHT A MATCH— AND RUBBERMAN WILL BURN LIKE AN OLD TYRE!

NO, WAIT! I HAVE ANOTHER IDEA— FOR A MUCH MORE AMUSING END TO RUBBERMAN! LET ME HAVE YOUR STUNNER GUN!

DOCTOR FEAR FIRES AGAIN AND AGAIN AT HIS HELPLESS ENEMY...

ONE STUNNER BULLET IS NOT ENOUGH TO LAY RUBBERMAN OUT. BUT SIX!... HE WILL SLEEP LIKE A BABY. THEN WE MAKE SURE HE IS CONCEALED!

BANG!

TWO HOURS LATER...

YOU SEE? THE BEST IS YET TO COME!

LOOK AT THEM RUBBERNECKS GAWPING AT OTHER PEOPLE DOING AN HONEST DAY'S WORK- YOU'D THINK THEY'D HAVE SOMETHING BETTER TO DO WITH THEIR TIME!

H-HELP!

AS THE GRAB-CRANE SWINGS...

NOW WATCH! THAT CRANE-DRIVER IS GOING TO DROP IT ALL INTO THE CRUSHER UNIT. THERE'S ENOUGH POWER IN ONE OF THOSE THINGS TO CRUSH A TANK INTO A FOOT-SQUARE PACKAGE!

AND RUBBERMAN'S STILL SNOOZING! BUT THIS IS ONE PRESSING ENGAGEMENT HE WON'T MISS!

BUT THE SHAKING OF THE CRANE ROUSES RUBBERMAN FROM HIS DRUGGED SLEEP...

WHAT— WHERE AM I?

O.K., CHARLIE! START CRUSHING!

AS THE JUNK-CARS SHIFT AND SQUEAL, RUBBERMAN REALISES HIS TERRIBLE DANGER...

CRACK!

I CAN MOVE... A LITTLE! BUT STILL... NOT ENOUGH...!

THEN...

TO GET CLEAR... I NEED SOME ASSISTANCE!

BOSS!... LOOK!

I MUST BE SEEING THINGS! AND I DON'T LIKE WHAT I'M SEEING... AT ALL!

I...I'M COMING FREE! IF ONLY... I CAN HANG ON... JUST A BIT LONGER...!

START SHOOTING, FOOLS!

BUT EVEN AS STUNNER BULLETS ZIP THROUGH THE AIR...

I'M **OUT!** LIKE A CORK FROM A BOTTLE!

BANG!

BANG!

WHERE DID HE COME FROM?

THE GRAB-CRANE OPERATOR IS TOO DAZED TO MAKE ANY PROTEST...

MIND IF I TAKE OVER FOR A SPELL?

!

BANG!

L-L-L-LOOK OUT...!

THOSE CHARACTERS DOWN THERE LIKE TO PLAY ROUGH! SO WE MUSTN'T **DISAPPOINT THEM!**

ONLY TWO OF THE RUTHLESS GANG ESCAPE THE SWINGING GRAB...

THE DEVIL LOOKS AFTER HIS OWN! **DOCTOR FEAR'S GOT AWAY!**

YAAAGH!

PERHAPS YOU WOULD BE GOOD ENOUGH TO PHONE THE POLICE AND HAVE THEM PICK UP THAT **HUMAN** JUNK DOWN THERE! TELL THEM RUBBERMAN WILL EXPLAIN—**LATER!**

RUBBERMAN! **NOW** I UNDERSTAND! FOR A WHILE YOU HAD ME THINKING I'D FLIPPED MY LID!

BUT TEN MINUTES LATER...

THERE HE IS! YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO!

LEAVE IT TO ME, BOSS!

AND...

UUUHHH! WHAT THE...?

RIGHT! **PICK UP SPEED!**

AS THE STEEL NOOSE TIGHTENS...

A ROUGH RIDE I'M AFRAID, RUBBERMAN! **BUT IT WILL SOON BE OVER!**

RUBBERMAN CATCHES A FLEETING GLIMPSE OF A SIGNPOST...

TO THE DOCKS

SO **THAT'S** THEIR DEVILISH GAME!

A RUBBER MAN MAY BE ABLE TO FLOAT—BUT NOT WITH **A TRUCK** HOLDING HIM DOWN IN THE WATER!

LOOKS LIKE RUBBERMAN'S HEADING FOR DEEP WATER! YOU CAN'T HELP HIM, BUT—DIVE DOCKWARDS WITH HIM IN NEXT WEEK'S DEATH-DICING INSTALMENT!

Charlie's Choice

THE TV SET WITH A DIFFERENCE...

ARR! ARR! HELLO, ME HEARTIES! ME AND THE LADS ARE PLAYING AT PIRATES!

GET ALONG THERE, JIM, LAD! YOU PINCHED THE CAPTAIN'S SWEETS SO YOU'LL HAVE TO WALK THE PLANK!

OUCH! OOH! OOH! THAT THING'S SHARP!

HEY, LOOK READERS! CHARLIE'S LEFT HIS TELLY ON TO THE BUCCANEERS...

COR! THAT'S KID'S STUFF! AIN'T NO SHARKS IN THAT BATH!

RECKON I SHOULD SHOW THEM HOW REAL PIRATES DO THINGS!

HELP! IT'S CAPTAIN KIDD — AND HE'S COMING OUT OF MY TELLY! I'D BETTER STOP HIM!

YOU'LL STOP NOBODY, LAD! I'LL LASH YOU TO THE MAIN-MAST!

NO, NO! STOP HIM, SOMEBODY!

AAR! AAR! HERE BE A FINE PLANK UP YONDER!

THANKS FOR UNTYING ME, PETE — ***HEY!*** LOOK AT CAPTAIN KIDD, HE'S MAKING JIM WALK THAT PLANK UP THERE!

AIEE!

DOWN YE GO, LAD! AAR! AAR!

PHEW! THE OLD ROGUE'S SHIP IS ON NOW — I'LL PINCH IT FROM THE TELLY!

COME ON, HURRY UP AND GROW, SHIP! ***HURRY! HURRY!***

YIPPEE! GOOD OLD CHARLIE! HE'S DONE IT! HE'S CAUGHT JIM IN THE SAIL!

PHEW! ***SAVED!***

I'D BETTER GET THAT OLD RASCAL DOWN BEFORE HE CAUSES ANY MORE TROUBLE!

YO, HO-HO, AND A BOTTLE OF FUN! AAR! AAR! I BE LIKING IT UP HERE!

YOU WON'T BE LIKING IT UP HERE MUCH LONGER, CAPT'N KIDD—YOU'RE COMING DOWN!

AAGH!

HEH! HEH! THAT'S WHY A PIRATE'S FLAG IS THE SKULL AND CROSS BONES! WE USE THE BONES FOR CRACKING SKULLS! AAR! AAR!

WALK LAD! AAR! AAR!

SHIVER MY TIMBERS! IT'S MY TURN NOW!

BOING! BOING! BOING!

HEY! WHAT BE YE DOING, LAD? WALK IT! DON'T BOUNCE IT!

HEE-HEE! I'M SPRING-BOARD CHAMPION AT SCHOOL!

CRACK!

AAAH! THIS NEVER HAPPENED TO ME BEFORE!

H'MM, CAPTAIN KIDD SHOULD BE BACK TO TELLY SIZE IN THIRTY SECONDS! THAT'LL SAVE ME A LOT OF TROUBLE!

COME ON! WALK! WALK!

MERCY, CHARLIE BOY! IT'S ALL RIGHT FOR OTHER FOLK — BUT NOT ME!

WAAH!

HELP! I'M SHRINKING, I'M GOING BACK TO TELLY SIZE!

WAAH! YOU ROTTERS! YOU CHEATS!

PLOP!

HO! HO! CAPTAIN KIDD DIDN'T LAST LONG! HE WON'T BOTHER US AGAIN TODAY! I'VE MADE SURE THE TELLY'S SWITCHED OFF THIS TIME!

THE INCREDIBLE HULK AND THE AVENGERS

WHERE IS ANT-MAN?! WE CAN'T BEGIN OUR MEETING WITHOUT HIM!

HE'LL SHOW UP... NEVER FEAR! IN THE MEANTIME, IS IT NECESSARY FOR YOU TO ATTEND OUR MEETINGS CLOTHED IN THAT REPULSIVE MANNER, HULK?

IRON MAN, IF YOU DON'T GET THIS YELLOW-HAIRED YAHOO OFF MY BACK, I'LL BOOT HIM UP TO ASGARD FOR GOOD! NO ONE TALKS TO THE HULK LIKE THAT... NOT EVEN THOR!

THE TIME: THE PRESENT!
THE PLACE: THE LIBRARY OF ANTHONY STARK, MILLIONAIRE WEAPONS MANUFACTURER!
THE OCCASION: A NEW MEETING OF EARTH'S MIGHTIEST SUPER-HEROES... THE AVENGERS!

GENTLEMEN! THIS IS NO WAY TO TALK TO EACH OTHER!

AND IN THE PRESENCE OF A LADY, TOO!

WHO SPOKE?

WE'RE TOO SMALL! HE CAN'T SEE US! TAKE A GROWTH PILL, LITTLE PARTNER!

HENRY PYM! COULDN'T YOU HAVE MADE THESE SILLY THINGS TASTE BETTER WHILE YOU WERE INVENTING THEM?!

ANT-MAN AND THE WASP! WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?

JUST IN TIME TO SAVE YOU FROM BEIN' PULVERIZED, LONG HAIR!

THE STORM BROUGHT US, HANDSOME!

BUT, HOW--?

WE'RE ON THE SAME TEAM, SO I CAN TELL YOU THIS MUCH... THE WASP AND YOURS TRULY CAN CHANGE SIZE INSTANTLY BY TAKING THESE VARIOUS LITTLE CAPSULES OF MY OWN DESIGN!

WE ARRIVED INSECT-SIZED, SO YOU DIDN'T SEE US!

TRULY A MIRACULOUS FEAT!

WELL, NOW THAT THE GANG'S ALL HERE, WHAT DO WE DO? I'M NOT IN THE MOOD TO PLAY SPIN THE BOTTLE.

EVEN WHEN THERE IS NO TASK BEFORE US, WE STILL MEET REGULARLY, TO GET TO KNOW EACH OTHER BETTER!

I'D LIKE TO KNOW THAT ADORABLE THOR BETTER--SIGH

BUT LITTLE DO THE AVENGERS DREAM THAT A NEW DANGER IS HURTLING TOWARDS THEM AT THAT VERY MOMENT.. IN THE SHAPE OF A STRANGE EGG LIKE OBJECT..

AFTER WEEKS OF FASTER-THAN-LIGHT TRAVEL, I AM ALMOST UPON MY OBJECTIVE!

IN ORDER TO LAND ON EARTH, UNOBSERVED, I SHALL ALTER MY SHAPE AND JOIN THIS FALLING METEOR SWARM..

BUT, UNLIKE THE GENUINE METEORS, I SHALL NOT BURN UP IN THE ATMOSPHERE!

INSTEAD, I SHALL LAND, UNSEEN, IN THIS DARK ALLEYWAY- AND THEN CHANGE TO MY TRUE AND NATURAL FORM--THAT OF THE SPACE PHANTOM!!

IT IS DONE! PHASE ONE IS COMPLETE! NOW TO FIND THE AVENGERS, AND BEGIN PHASE TWO!

FOR THEY WILL BE THE REAL TEST! IF I CAN DESTROY THE AVENGERS SINGLE-HANDED, THEN NO POWER ON EARTH CAN STOP THE TOTAL INVASION OF MY PEOPLE!

I HAVE BEEN OBSERVING THEM FROM SPACE! I KNOW WHERE THEY ARE AT THIS MOMENT!

ALL I NEED DO NOW IS FIND A WAY TO REACH THEM WITHOUT BEING OBSERVED!

AND WHAT EASIER WAY CAN THERE BE THAN BY MERELY IMITATING AN EARTHLING'S FORM...

WHA--? WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME?

THERE! NOW, SINCE TWO IDENTICAL BODIES CANNOT CO-EXIST, YOU MUST BE BANISHED TO LIMBO, THE SILENT WORLD BETWEEN SHADOW AND SUBSTANCE!

..AND THERE YOU WILL REMAIN UNTIL I IMITATE ANOTHER CREATURE, IN WHICH CASE HE WILL TAKE YOUR PLACE IN LIMBO WHILE YOU RETURN TO YOUR NORMAL WORLD!

LATER... EVEN THE AVENGERS DO NOT KNOW THAT ANTHONY STARK, WHO HAS ALLOWED THEM TO MEET IN HIS MANSION, IS REALLY IRON MAN HIMSELF! BUT I KNOW THEIR SECRETS BECAUSE I HAVE OBSERVED THEM FOR MONTHS--FROM SPACE!

BUT, ONE THING THE **SPACE PHANTOM** DOES **NOT** KNOW IS THAT THE TOP OF THEIR TABLE IS REALLY A TV WARNING SCREEN!

LOOK! AN INTRUDER IS COMING! HMM .. HE'S NOT BAD-LOOKING!

HE LOOKS TOO SURE OF HIMSELF! AS THOUGH HE **KNOWS** WE'RE HERE .. AND HE'S **PREPARED** FOR US!

NOBODY CAN BE PREPARED FOR **THE HULK!**

TAKE IT EASY, BIG FELLA! DON'T DO ANYTHING RASH! LET'S FIND OUT WHAT HE'S **UP** TO!

STOW IT, IRON MAN! WE DON'T NEED A **COMMITTEE** TO HANDLE ONE VISITOR! LET **ME** TAKE CARE OF 'IM .. REAL GENTLE-LIKE!

DO NOT INJURE HIM WITHOUT CAUSE YOU SAVAGE .. OR I SHALL SEE THAT YOU **REGRET** IT!

EASY, THOR! NO NEED TO STEAM THE HULK UP! THERE'S NO STOPPING HIM WHEN HE GOES ON THE RAMPAGE!

THE HULK!!

SO! YOU **KNOW** ME!

WHAT'S **HAPPENING** TO ME?? WHA--??

YOU ARE GOING TO **LIMBO** .. WHILE THE **SPACE PHANTOM** TAKES YOUR IDENTITY!

HOW EASY IT IS TO REPLACE THE HELPLESS HUMANS!

NOW, AS **THE HULK,** I SHALL CAUSE **THE AVENGERS** TO FIGHT AMONG THEMSELVES TO **DESTROY** THEMSELVES!

WHAT **HAPPENED,** HULK? WHERE DID THE INTRUDER GO?

NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS STUPID!

LISTEN, BIG MAN... NO MATTER **HOW** TOUGH YOU ARE, WE DON'T HAVE TO TAKE THAT KIND OF TALK!

GET OUT OF MY WAY, YOU RUST-POT BEFORE I PEEL THAT ARMOUR OFF YOU LIKE A TIN CAN!

HULK! YOU HAVE GONE TOO FAR!

EASY, THOR! I'LL HANDLE HIM!

YOU SEEM TO THINK YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE OF US WITH SUPER-STRENGTH! WELL MISTER, I'M ABOUT TO SHOW YOU HOW **WRONG** YOU ARE

BAH! UNDER THAT IRON SUIT YOU'RE JUST A PUNY HUMAN! BUT I DON'T **NEED** ANY SUIT! I'M STRONGER THAN **ANYBODY!**

LET'S SEE WHAT GOOD YOUR STRENGTH DOES AGAINST MY TRANSISTOR-POWERED **BULLPOWER PUNCH!**

TOO **SLOW,** IRON MAN! YOU GOTTA HIT ME BEFORE YOU CAN HURT ME!

NOW IT'S MY TURN! HERE'S WHERE I TURN YOU INTO A MESS OF USELESS SCRAP IRON!

STRANGE... THE HULK SEEMS MORE *BRUTAL*... MORE *MERCILESS* THAN EVER! WHAT COULD HAVE *CHANGED* HIM?

SUDDENLY, THE AWESOME HAMMER OF MIGHTY THOR WHIRLS BETWEEN THE TWO COMBATANTS..

LOOK OUT!!

BACK! BACK, I SAY!!

HUH--?

LISTEN, LONG HAIR... WHAT GIVES *YOU* THE RIGHT TO BUTT IN THAT WAY?!

MY IRRESISTIBLE *URU HAMMER*, FOR ONE THING!

YOU MAY BE ABLE TO STOP *IRON MAN*, BUT NOT *ME*!

I'M WALKIN' OUT, AND *NOBODY'S* STOPPING ME!

SO FAR, SO GOOD! I'LL GIVE THEM MORE TIME TO GET ON EACH OTHER'S NERVES, AND THEN I'LL RETURN TO *ASHION* THE JOB! USING THE HULK'S IDENTITY, I'LL SOON BREAK UP THE *AVENGERS*... FOREVER!

I MIGHT AS WELL LEARN ALL I CAN ABOUT THE UNSUSPECTING HUMANS, IF THEY ARE SOON TO BE MY SUBJECTS!

AH, THERE IS THE ONE WHOSE IDENTITY I *FIRST* TOOK!

HE RETURNED FROM LIMBO AT THE SPLIT-SECOND THAT THE *HULK* TOOK HIS PLACE!

IT'S *CRAZY*, I TELL YOU! ONE MINUTE I WAS WALKING DOWN THE STREET, AND THEN...

LOOK, IF YOU'VE GOT A PROBLEM, GO TELL A COP! *WE'RE* BUSY!

HONESTLY! THE KOOKS WHO RUN AROUND *LOOSE* THESE DAYS!!

TO BETTER INTERRUPT THEM BEFORE SOMEONE *LISTENS* TO HIS STORY AND SUSPECTS THE TRUTH!

LOOK! IT'S THE *HULK*!

WHAT'S HE *DOING*?

HELP! HE'S ON A *RAMPAGE*!

BUT SUDDENLY, A SOLEMN TEEN-AGER FEARLESSLY APPROACHES THE LUMBERING BEHEMOTH...

I'VE BEEN *WAITING* FOR YOU, HULK! YOU'RE STARTING TO LOSE CONTROL! I'D BETTER TAKE YOU BACK TO YOUR SECRET LAB, HULK!

THIS HUMAN *KNOWS* THE HULK! I MUST BE CAREFUL... HE MUST NOT SUSPECT I AM REALLY THE *SPACE PHANTOM*!

WHAT ARE YOU *LOOKIN'* AT ME THAT WAY FOR? I'M ON *YOUR* SIDE, HULK! I'M *RICK JONES*, THE BOY WHOSE LIFE YOU ONCE SAVED, THE BOY WHO LOOKS AFTER YOU, TO MAKE SURE YOU'RE ABLE TO TURN BACK TO DOCTOR BANNER WHEN YOU WANT TO!

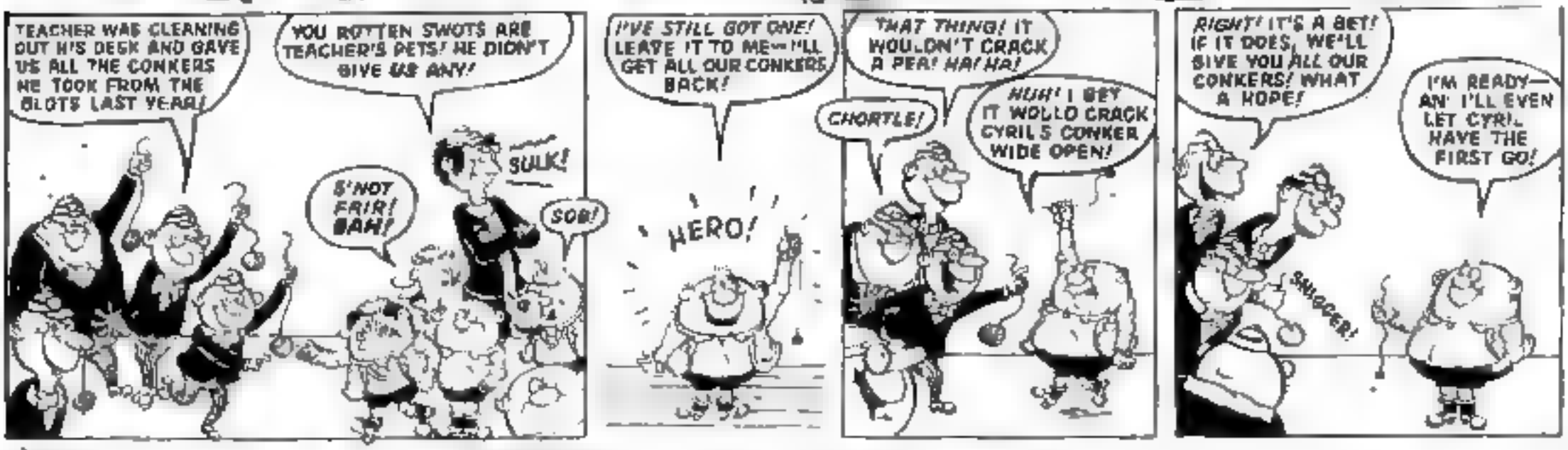
SO! THE HULK HAS *ANOTHER* IDENTITY!

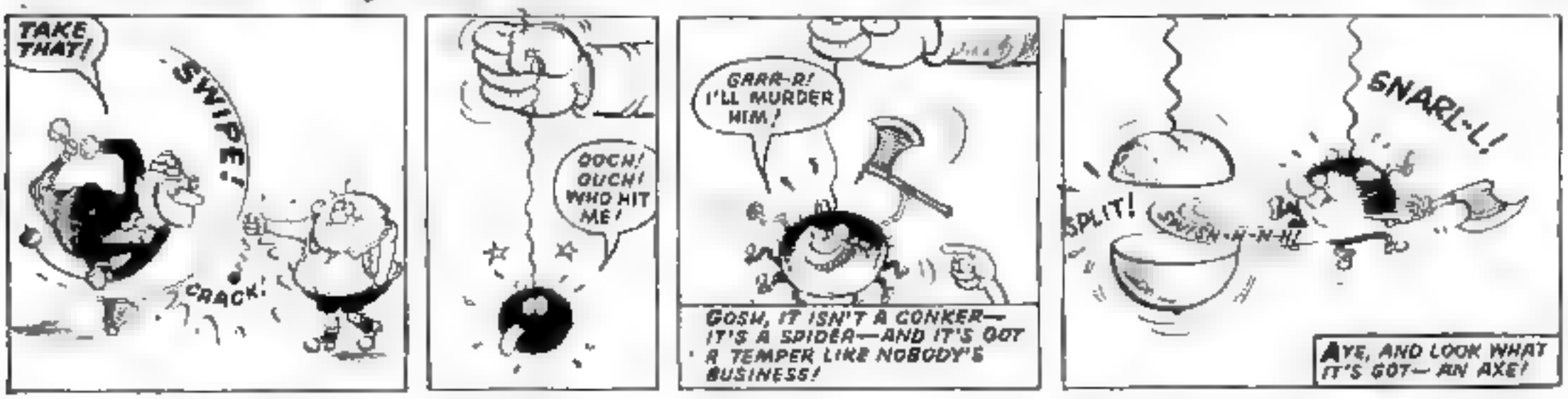
NOW BEND DOWN SO I CAN CLIMB ON YOUR BACK! THAT'S IT! OKAY NOW, *TAKE OFF*! COME ON... *JUMP*! BEFORE THE POLICE GET HERE!

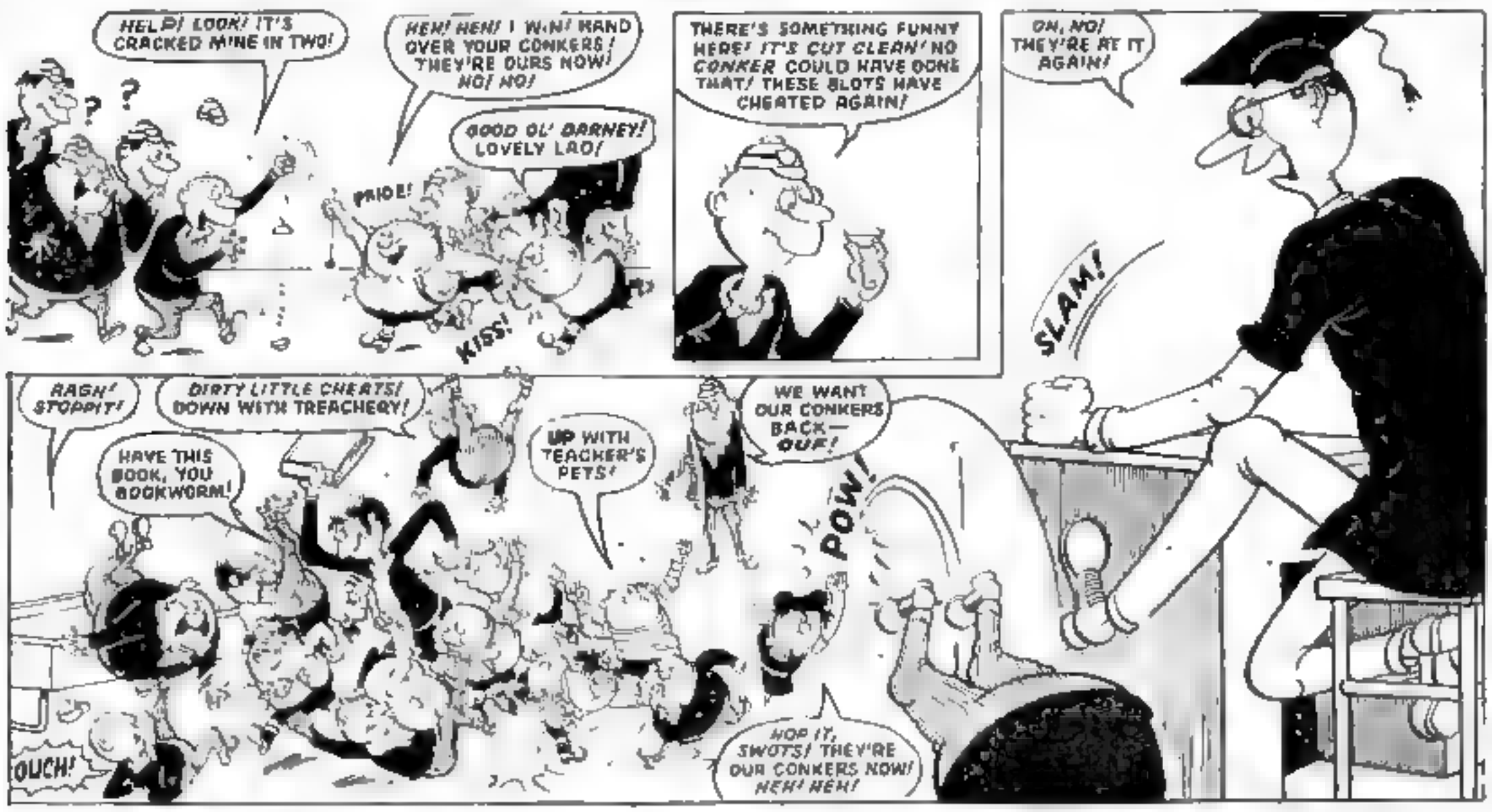
JUMP!? SO *THAT* IS HOW THE HULK SEEMS TO FLY!!

WELL WHILE I OCCUPY A FACSIMILE OF HIS BODY, I CAN DO WHAT *HE* CAN!

The SWOTS and the BLOTS


TEACHER WAS CLEARING OUT HIS DESK AND GAVE US ALL THE CONKERS HE TOOK FROM THE BLOTS LAST YEAR!
YOU ROTTEN SWOTS ARE TEACHER'S PETS! HE DIDN'T GIVE US ANY!
SULK!
S'NOT FAIR! BAH!
SOB!
I'VE STILL GOT ONE! LEAVE IT TO ME—I'LL GET ALL OUR CONKERS BACK!
HERO!
THAT THING! IT WOULDN'T CRACK A PEA! HA! HA!
CHORTLE!
HUH! I BET IT WOULD CRACK CYRIL'S CONKER WIDE OPEN!
RIGHT! IT'S A BET! IF IT DOES, WE'LL GIVE YOU ALL OUR CONKERS! WHAT A HOPE!
I'M READY—AN' I'LL EVEN LET CYRIL HAVE THE FIRST GO!
SNIGGER!




HELP! LOOK! IT'S CRACKED MINE IN TWO!
? ?
HEH! HEH! I WIN! HAND OVER YOUR CONKERS! THEY'RE OURS NOW! NO! NO!
GOOD OL' BARNEY! LOVELY LAD!
PRIDE!
KISS!
THERE'S SOMETHING FUNNY HERE! IT'S CUT CLEAN! NO CONKER COULD HAVE DONE THAT! THESE BLOTS HAVE CHEATED AGAIN!
OH, NO! THEY'RE AT IT AGAIN!
SLAM!
RAGH! STOPPIT!
DIRTY LITTLE CHEATS! DOWN WITH TREACHERY!
HAVE THIS BOOK, YOU BOOKWORM!
UP WITH TEACHER'S PETS!
WE WANT OUR CONKERS BACK—OUF!
POW!
OUCH!
HOP IT, SWOTS! THEY'RE OUR CONKERS NOW! HEH! HEH!

I KNEW I SHOULD HAVE KEPT THOSE CONKERS IN MY DESK!

GRR! I MUST DO SOMETHING! I'M A MAN! NOT A MOUSE!

COR REALLY?

TIME I GAVE THEM A GEOGRAPHY LESSON!

SWISH!

?

?

CEASE! STOPPIT! BACK TO YOUR PLACES BEFORE I CLOBBER YOU WRETCHES!

WHITE FLAG

SPARE US, TEACHER!

HEH! HEH! LOOK AT THEM ALL... IT'S WORKED! I'VE GOT THEM ALL SCARED STIFF!

EEK! A KING-SIZED CONKER!

MERCY! MERCY!

HEH! WHAT A TWIT! HE'S LOST THE WORLD!

SNAP!

ERK! IT SNAPPED!

BYE-BYE, WORLD!

I'LL SEE IF THAT IDIOT OF A TEACHER IS KEEPING THOSE BLOTS UNDER CONTROL TODAY!

ZOOM-M-M!

CRASH!

AAGH!

I'M WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR CONKERING KING HAROLD—AND YOU'RE HAROLD!

AAGH! MERCY! MERCY!

OH, HELP! I'VE CONKERED THE HEAD!

OOOH!— YOU NEED A HISTORY LESSON! GASP!

AND I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU ONE!

DAZED!

YOU'RE ALWAYS TALKING RUBBISH— SO GET A MOUTHFUL OF THIS!

OW!

BIFF!

AARGH!

TEACH IS BUSY— SO WE CAN BASH THE BOYS AS MUCH AS WE LIKE!

BAH! THAT'S AN IRON CONKER!

THAT'S IT, PARD! NOW DOWN... NOW UP AGAIN! PRETTY KEEN HAVIN THE STRONGEST LEGS ON EARTH, HUH?

WAIT! YOU'RE GOIN' IN THE WRONG DIRECTION! I-I DON'T GET IT HULK! WHAT'S GOING ON? YOU DON'T SEEM TO BE YOURSELF!

YOU DON'T RECOGNIZE ME AT FIRST.. AND NOW, YOU'RE JUST LEAPING AT RANDOM!

HE SUSPECTS! BUT HE CAN DO ME NO HARM!

IN FACT, I HAVE AN URGE TO BOAST--- BRAG OF WHAT I HAVE DONE! AND WHAT BETTER PERSON TO REVEAL MY POWER TO THAN THIS.. A WEAK TEEN-AGER WHO IS HELPLESS WITHOUT THE REAL HULK!

HEY, LOOK OUT!

YOU LANDED TOO HARD! THERE IS SOMETHING WRONG WITH YOU.. I KNOW IT!

THERE IS MORE WRONG THAN YOU DREAM, HUMAN FOOL! I AM NOT THE TRUE HULK--I HAVE MERELY IMITATED HIS BODY, THEREBY TAKING OVER ALL HIS POWER AS WELL! FOR I AM THE SPACE PHANTOM.. THE ONE WHO CAN IMITATE ANY LIVING BEING!!

I SHOULD HAVE GUESSED! BUT THEN.. WHERE IS THE REAL HULK?!

A GOOD QUESTION! TWO BEINGS WHO ARE EXACTLY THE SAME CANNOT OCCUPY THE SAME WORLD! SO, WHEN I TAKE ANY CREATURE'S IDENTITY THAT CREATURE IS INSTANTLY TRANSPORTED TO LIMBO... THE PLACE OF NOTHINGNESS.. UNTIL I TAKE A NEW SHAPE! WATCH! I SHALL BRING THE REAL HULK BACK AS I TURN INTO MY TRUE SELF!

HE TOLD THE TRUTH!! HULK.. YOU'RE BACK! QUICK! THE SPACE PHANTOM...ON YOUR LEFT- GET HIM!

HUH?! WHA-- WHAT HAPPENED TO ME??

I MERELY WISHED TO DEMONSTATE THAT EVEN THE MOST POWERFUL FIGURE ON EARTH IS MERELY PUTTY BEFORE THE POWER OF THE SPACE PHANTOM!

HULK! WAIT!! D-DON'T FADE AWAY!! I NEED YOU-- THE WORLD NEEDS YOU! HULK!! COME BACK!!

HE SHALL RETURN WHEN IT SUITS MY PURPOSE TO TAKE A NEW IDENTITY.. AND NOT ONE INSTANT SOONER!

NOW, IN THE POWERFUL IDENTITY OF THE HULK AGAIN, I SHALL RETURN TO THE AVENGERS, AND FINISH MY TASK! THIS TIME I WILL FIND A WAY TO MAKE THEM DESTROY THEMSELVES .. AND EARTH SHALL THEN BE MINE FOR THE TAKING!

AS FOR THE BOY, HE IS OF NO FURTHER CONCERN! THERE IS NOTHING HE CAN DO TO STOP ME!

HE'S LEAVING! WHAT DO I DO NOW? WHAT CAN I DO?

A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY, A MULTIPLE ANTI-MISSILE MISSILE GUN, INVENTED BY ANTHONY STARK, IS ABOUT TO UNDERGO ITS FINAL TEST

I TELL YOU, BILL THAT TONY STARK IS A GENIUS! HE DREAMS UP THESE WEAPONS ALMOST FASTER THAN WE CAN TEST 'EM!

YEAH! HARD TO FIGURE WHERE HE GETS TIME TO BE A PLAYBOY AS WELL!

HE OUGHT TO BE HERE ANY MINUTE! CAN'T START THE TEST WITHOUT HIM!

MAYBE HE'LL SEND IRON MAN INSTEAD! BOY IMAGINE HAVING A GUY LIKE IRON MAN ON YOUR PAYROLL!!

ON MY WAY TO THE AVENGERS, I MIGHT AS WELL DESTROY THIS WEAPON! IT WILL BE SOMETHING ELSE THE UNCOMPREHENDING MULK WILL BE BLAMED FOR!

IT'S THE MULK! HE'S STEALING OUR MISSILE GUN!

I MUST HAVE ACCIDENTALLY TRIGGERED THE DEVICE! GOOD! ANY DAMAGE I CAN DO TO THE HUMANS WEAPONS WILL ULTIMATELY BENEFIT ME!

MEANWHILE IN A PRIVATE, LOCKED ROOM ANTHONY STARK UNDERGOES A SECRET LIFE GIVING TREATMENT

I'D HATE TO THINK WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF I EVER FAILED TO CHARGE MY TRANSISTOR-POWERED HEART ACTIVATOR!

WELL THAT'S ENOUGH FOR TODAY! THE PHONE! IT MUST BE URGENT FOR THEM TO RING ME IN HERE!

BRRIIINGGGG

WHAT?? THE HULK STOLE MY MISSLE-GUN?!! BUT THAT'S IMPOSS-- EH HOLD EVERYTHING!!

I'LL SEND IRON MAN TO THE SITE IMMEDIATELY. HE'LL GET TO THE BOTTOM OF IT!

GOOD THING I GAVE MYSELF A COMPLETE CHARGE!

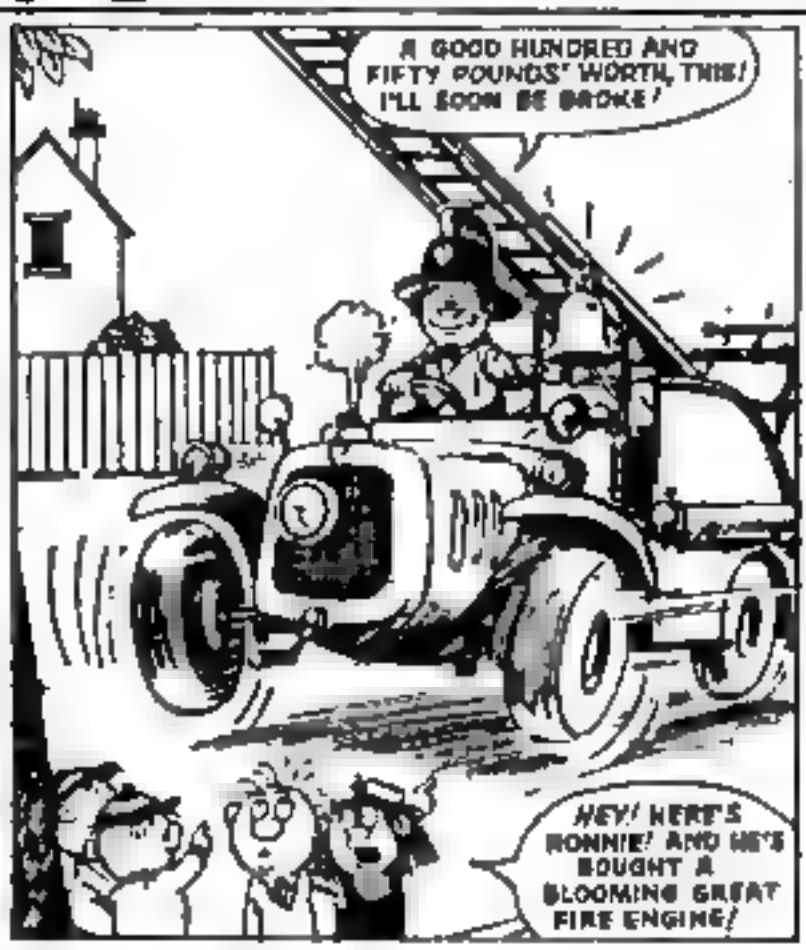
LUCKY THE MISSLES HAD NO NUCLEAR WARHEADS! THEY CAN'T DO ANY REAL DANGER! BUT WHAT CAN THE HULK BE UP TO?? HE HASN'T BEEN ACTING LIKE HIMSELF LATELY!!

WELL, THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT! MY BUILT-IN RADAR DEVICE REGISTERS AN UNIDENTIFIED OBJECT AT THREE O'CLOCK, A HALF-MILE AWAY! AND I THINK I CAN GUESS WHO IT IS!!

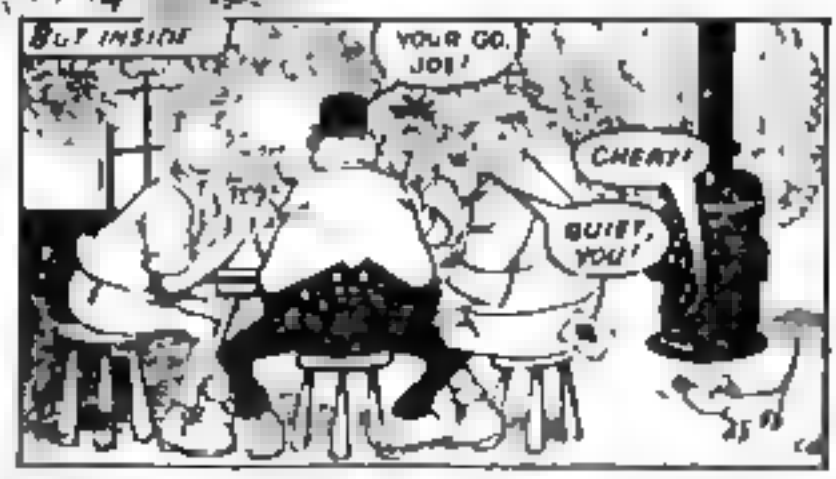
*STAND BACK AND KEEP CLEAR — BECAUSE EVERYTHING IS NOW LINED UP FOR THE BIG FIGHT. CAN THE **INCREDIBLE HULK**'S MAGNIFICENTLY POWERFUL BODY, BORROWED BY THE SPACE PHANTOM, WITHSTAND AN ALL-OUT, NO HOLDS BARRED ASSAULT FROM **IRON MAN**? DON'T MISS OUR NEXT INSANELY INCITING INSTALMENT OF THE **HULK** SAGA — OR YOU'LL SPEND THE REST OF YOUR LIFE HATING YOURSELF!*

HE'LL INHERIT A MILLION—IF HE CAN SPEND THE MONEY HE'S GOT...

RONNIE RICH



THAT'S IT, LADS! SOON HAVE THAT FIRE OUT NOW!
COO! I ALWAYS WANTED TO BE A FIREMAN!
SPLOOSH!
THIS IS WHAT YOU CALL A REAL WATER PISTOL!



I'LL TEACH YOU NOT TO GO ABOUT SOAKING PEOPLE!
OOH! HELP! WHERE DO I GO FROM HERE?
WE'VE GOT TO HELP RONNIE! HE'S IN A PROPER OLD FIX! LET'S SHIFT THE LADDER!
PHEW! WELL DONE, LADS! I'LL GET AWAY THROUGH THIS WINDOW!
BONK!
OH! WELL DONE MY BOY! YOU'VE SAVED MY LIFE! THERE'S A MAD DOG IN THERE! HE MIGHT HAVE KILLED ME!
GRR! SNARL!
OH, NO! I THINK I KNOW WHAT THIS MEANS!
COO! WHAT A STROKE OF LUCK! WE GOT A HUNDRED POUNDS EACH FROM THAT RICH WOMAN!
SOB! SOB!
POOR OLD RON! HE GOT TWO HUNDRED POUNDS! HE TRIES TO GET RID OF MONEY AND ALWAYS ENDS UP WITH MORE

MEET... Mister Knowall

He knows everything there is to know about everything—and he's here to show you what a load of laughs it is to be a Knowall, too!

MATCH-TRICK!

With 26 matches make this pattern. Now the trick is to take away 11 matches—and still be left with 10! The answer is below

EYEFUL!

Now for a trick that I wouldn't care to play on any Hulk-type pals. But Knowall Philip Ellis of Pudsey in Yorkshire says there isn't much risk—if you can run!

You take a glass with about inch of water in the bottom and place it over a sixpence on the table

Then you tell your victim that you are going to take away the coin without him seeing you do it

Grasp hold of the glass with one hand and tell him to look down into it

As he does so you jerk up the glass so that the water splashes into his face (careful you don't hit him with the glass, though). With the water in his eyes, he certainly won't see you snatch the coin away

Ask your friends if they have ever seen a white bee, writes Marion Keith of Darlington

When they say "No", produce a matchbox which you open very slowly explaining that you don't want it to escape. They'll be all keen until the box is wide open for them to see it. Then write B on the bottom of the tray with white chalk!

ANSWER TO MATCH-TRICK!

REMOVE 11 MATCHES TO LEAVE YOU WITH THE WORDS TEN LIKE THIS! SIX

CAN YOU SAVE THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.?

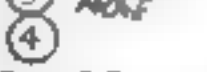
Doctor Doom has marooned our agent on a cliff-ledge to perish from exposure. BUNGLE has a coil of rope, but the cliff-top is too high for him to throw it to a rescuer who has arrived. AND DOOM COULD COME BACK AT ANY MINUTE TO CHECK ON HIS VICTIM!

Oh, what's this? BUNGLE has a short length of string. But of what use is THAT? Can YOU figure out how BUNGLE can be rescued? (the answer is below if you can't!)

Place six pennies on the table like this and challenge your mates to turn them into two equal rows of pennies in one move!

All you do is to move the fourth penny of the top row onto the first penny, and you have two rows of four

Easy, isn't it? If you're a Knowall!



DID YOU SAVE B.U.N.G.L.E.?

BUNGLE makes a bow and arrow from branches of bushes on the ledge. His rescuer is easily able to catch the arrow to which the string is tied—and so able to haul up the rope tied to the end of the string! Clever BUNGLE!

10/- for Knowalls

Perhaps your know a trick or something that's fun to make or do. If so, send it on a postcard to Mr Knowall at the address below. If it's printed you win 10/. But remember, it must be your own idea and not copied from somewhere else.

My favourite feature in SMASH! is

This feature I don't like is

To Mr Knowall, SMASH, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

TUFFY McGREW

SURE YOU CAN HAVE THE JOB - IF YOU'RE STRONG ENOUGH TO DO IT!

HOTEL

SALLY PAGE-BOY

OH I'M *VERY* STRONG JUST TRY ME!

HEH! HEH! HE LOOKS A RIGHT LITTLE WEAKLING TO ME!

RIGHT! LET'S SEE IF YOU CAN CARRY THAT LOT UP TO THE SIXTH FLOOR!

SIMPLE!

COR, THIS IS AN *EASY* JOB—I'VE ONLY GOT TO CARRY THIS LOT UP SIX FLIGHTS OF STAIRS!

DON'T BELIEVE IT- HE'S AS STRONG AS AN OX! IT LOOKS AS IF HE'LL BE *PERFECT* FOR THE JOB!

OKAY - THE JOB'S YOURS SO AND GET YOUR UNIFORM

6th Floor

A *UNIFORM!* CRIKEY - I'LL LOOK *SMASHING!*

QUICK! GO AND GET LORD BLING'S BAGGAGE AT THE DOUBLE!

THANK YOU, MY GOOD FELLOW- HERE'S A QUID FOR YOUR YOUR TROUBLE

THANKEE KINDLY SIR

HEY! I DID THE WORK—THAT POUND SHOULD'VE BEEN MINE!

NONE OF YOUR CHEEK YOU YOUNG BRAT! I GET ALL THE TIPS ROUND *HERE!*

WHAT A ROTTEN JOB! I DO ALL THE HUMPING AND *HE* GETS ALL THE LOLLY! IT'S NOT BLOOMING FAIR!

LATER

WAKE UP DOZEY! CARRY THAT GUEST'S CASE OUTSIDE, AND FIND HIM A CAB!

YES, SIR!

COR! I'M GOING TO NEED ALL MY *MASSIVE* STRENGTH TO SHIFT *THIS* ONE!

ERK! IT'S TIME I MADE A DASH FOR IT!

IT'S SLIMY SID, THE KNIFE AND FORK THIEF! *STOP HIM!*

?

RRRIP!

TINKLE!

CLINK!

TALLYHO!

WAY BY!

SMASH!

WAY BY!

WHIZZZZZZ!

PUSH!

HERE YOU ARE TUFFY TAKE THIS FIVER FOR RETRIEVING ALL OUR CUTLERY WITHOUT YOUR HELP OUR GUESTS WOULD HAVE HAD TO EAT WITH THEIR FINGERS!

GRRR!

COR, THANKS

TAINT FAIR! BOO-HOO! NOBODY EVER GIVES ME A FIVER!

CRASH! BASH!

AHA! YOU DON'T GET FIVERS *THAT* EASILY! I HAD TO BE VERY *SHARP* AND FIND THE CUTLERY TO GET THE MANAGER TO *FORK* OUT *THAT* MUCH!

BOO-HOO-HOO-HOO!

THUMP!

Write to SMASH—

AND WIN A HULK SWEATSHIRT!

To: SMASH, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

If you haven't guessed already we'll let you into a secret. In addition to running SMASH the way you want it, we've now taken over WHAM as well. And when we say 'taken over' we mean it's now ours—right down to the last comma!

So we hope you aren't kidding us when you tell us you like what we're doing in SMASH because from now on we'll be doing it in WHAM as well. We don't know what it is we're doing right, but we're going to try to keep on doing it!

Meanwhile, the main feature in WHAM will continue to be yes—you guessed it! those fun-loving friends *The Fantastic Four!* You met them when they bashed up against our jolly green giant recently. Remember!—As if you'd ever forget!

Okay—we're only human! And we'll send photographs to prove it! We goofed recently, when we had the face of the Joker on our front cover coloured flesh pink instead of his natural shade of delicate ashen. Batman didn't mind, but a lot of you experts did. And we also boobed when we put the HULK on the front cover, way back in issue 17. Our lovable pin-up boy should have been given a green skin by our colouring artist. That's two mistakes that won't happen again. We may be new to the comic business, but we're learning fast.

Dear Smash

I am a leader of a gang and it is called Smash Gang, because all of us have Smash comics. We think it is fabulous, and it is a law that we must have a Smash comic or we are not in the gang. I want to win the Hulk sweatshirt so that I will be a real smart leader of the Smash Gang.

Glenn Lambeth,
Ilford, Essex.

So when these characters in stories are confronted by strange beings, utter the immortal words "Take me to your leader" it's you they're referring to, eh, Glenn!

Seriously, it's nice to know you. Have fun with your sweatshirt.

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

"Smash" is a wow!" You may think it strange for me to say this as I am 16 years old.

My sister, who is ten, first ordered the comic a few months ago. One day I picked a copy up and read it. I have become a "faithful fan" from that day. The stories in "Smash" are great and most of the funnies are "side-splitting". "Queen of the Seas" is the most ludicrous funny ever produced. Please keep it going.

I have only one complaint to make. Why on earth have you ended the "Ghost Patrol"? This, with the "Hulk" and the "Legend Testers" is, or was, the greatest story in your magazine. Please bring it back.

If by some strange break this letter is published you will find considerable difficulty in finding a "Hulk sweatshirt" to fit me. I am 6 ft. 2 in. tall. If it is impossible to find one for me, my sister would be thrilled to have one.

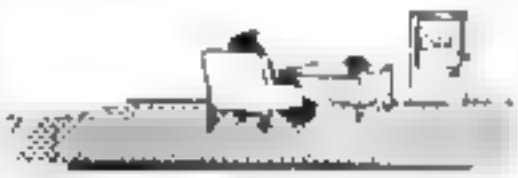
Yours (forever a "Smash" fan)
Chris Underwood,
Southend-on-Sea, Essex.

P.S. What does Cos stand for?

Sorry about closing down "Ghost Patrol", Chris. But one of the problems we're always faced with is trying to get a quart into a pint pot. Like the man said, "Something's got to give." But we hope to be able to bring back old favourites from time to time.

Alf and Cos.

P.S. Cos stands for Cosmo. (Heh! Heh! The real secret of his identity is still ours!)



Dear Smash,

Why don't you have a few stories for girls. You have the Hulk, Batman, etc. for boys, and I am sure you have many girl fans who would like to see some girl stories. Otherwise your comic is fab.

Anne Fix,
Glasnevin, Dublin.

You've got to be kidding, Anne! You don't really want all that dreary stuff about the girl who wants to be a ballet dancer, or the girl who looks after the horses in a riding school, do you? In our humble opinion all that stuff belongs with the Stone Age. But you've maybe got ideas of your own on what a swinging chick would find a gas in a paper like ours. If so, let us know and we'll see what we can do. How's that for co-operation?

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

"I think Smash is to become (if it isn't already) the best British Comic. Why? You have the best stories and heroes, especially Batman and the superb Hulk! You give the readers the type of story that comic-buyers want! And therefore you have attracted a better type of reader. I have noticed how your letters' page has become filled with longer and more intelligent letters recently. There's only one bad thing about Smash . . . It's "addicting"—I can't throw them away. Keep up the good work and best wishes!

Anthony Munyer,
Taffs Well, Nr. Cardiff.

When we get letters like this it makes us determined to raise the standard of SMASH even higher. With the support of our readers and we're counting on this) we're going to have a new thrill in comedom in this country. We enjoy it—and if you all do, well, we're all going to have a ball together.

Alf and Cos.

Dear Smash,

I would like to congratulate you on your characters in Smash, especially Grimly Feendish who has all sorts of funny pets and pals. I like especially two of Grimly Feendish's pets and pals—his little pet ghost in his coat top pocket and his pal who pulls his head on a cart.

David Semple,
Leicester.

Hope you like your sweatshirt, David.

Alf and Cos.

We wish this page had more space than any of the others, because, quite sincerely, hand on heart, are that wet—see that dry, the most enjoyable job of our week is talking to you by means of this letter page. That's the way we look upon this page—an opportunity for us to have a friendly chat with you. And we mean all of you, even the ones who don't write. There are no doubt some people who think we hand-pick the letters we publish and throw away all those that are critical. It just isn't so. The letters you see weekly on this page are typical of the thousands (yes—thousands!) we receive each week. All right—maybe we are asking for a punch on the chin by being proud of the fact that all our readers write to us as friends. Maybe next week we'll get showered with letters telling us what's wrong with SMASH!, starting with the front cover and working through to the back. We don't mind now—we can always read through our old fan mail. Thanks, SMASHERS!

DO YOU HATE THE HULK?

We guess you don't—but send this form in with your letter and we'll know what you like and what you don't.

My favourite feature in [illegible] is:

The feature I don't like is:

To SMASH, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

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ROLLO STONES AND DANNY CHARTERS...

THE LEGEND TESTERS

THE LEGEND TESTERS, ROLLO STONES AND DANNY CHARTERS, ARE SEARCHING FOR THE CROWN OF ZEUS IN OLYMPUS THE LEGENDARY HOME OF THE ANCIENT GREEK GODS. **BUT NOW THEY FIND THEMSELVES FACED BY CERBERUS — THE THREE-HEADED GUARDIAN OF THE UNDERWORLD!**

GRAARR!

WHAT A CHOICE! THAT — THAT *THING* IN FRONT OF US AND THE GORGONS* BEHIND US!

AND EVEN IF WE DEFEAT CERBERUS — BEYOND HIM LIES THE UNDERWORLD.

*SEE LAST ISSUE ROLLO AND DANNY ARE ESCAPING FROM THE GORGONS AND REMEMBER! — THE VERY SIGHT OF THE GORGONS TURNS A MAN TO STONE!

THEN CERBERUS CHARGES!

AND ROLLO AND DANNY FIGHT DESPERATELY FOR THEIR LIVES AGAINST ONE OF THE DREADFUL HEADS

ROLLO! WATCH OUT! WATCH OUT FOR THE THIRD HEAD!

THANKS DANNY!

THE SWORD WOUND IS NOT A SERIOUS ONE BUT IT IS A LONG, LONG TIME SINCE CERBERUS KNEW PAIN PERHAPS HE HAS **NEVER** KNOWN PAIN. AND NOW, A PUZZLED, PROTESTING FURY OF SOUND BURSTS FROM HIS THROATS

GRRAAOOW!

KERRARR!

A MIGHTY ROAR DEAFENS ROLLO AND DANNY — AND SWELLS STILL FURTHER IN VOLUME, ECHOING THROUGH THE DISMAL PLACE UNTIL EVEN THE ROCKY WALLS SEEM TO TREMBLE

LOOK OUT, DANNY! THE NOISE HE'S MAKING IS STARTING A ROCK FALL!

EVEN CERBERUS IS FORGOTTEN AS THE ROCKS RAIN DOWN.

KEEP DOWN, DANNY! ONE FALSE MOVE AND WE'RE DEAD MEN!

THEN AS THE THUNDER OF THE FALLING ROCK CEASES

PART OF THE WALL HAS CRACKED! THERE'S AN OPENING IN IT NOW!

RUN FOR IT, DANNY!

IT'S A TUNNEL OF SOME SORT!

AND CERBERUS HAS GIVEN UP PURSUING US!

HIS JOB IS TO GUARD THE ENTRANCE TO THE UNDERWORLD, AND I SUPPOSE HE HAS COME AS FAR FROM THAT SPOT AS HE MAY.

NOW LET'S SEE WHERE THIS TUNNEL LEADS!

AND WITH THE HOT BREATH OF CERBERUS CLOSE BEHIND THEM, THEY RACE INTO THE NEWLY-FORMED OPENING

IT'S HOPELESS! THIS TUNNEL MAY NOT LEAD ANYWHERE AT ALL!

ON AND ON THEY WALK, UNTIL THEIR MUSCLES ACHE AND THEIR FEET PROTEST AT EVERY STEP.

IT DOES, DANNY — LOOK! THERE'S DAYLIGHT AHEAD!

WITH FRESH HEART THEY QUICKEN THEIR PACE AND EMERGE INTO A MAZE OF ROOFLESS PASSAGES

THEY THREAD THEIR WAY THROUGH THE INTRICATE NETWORK OF PATHS

THIS WAY!

NO WE'VE BEEN THAT WAY BEFORE WE SHOULD TRY THIS OPENING!

WHY NOT THIS ONE?

IN SUCH A MANNER, THE HOURS DRAG BY UNTIL AT LAST, BAFFLED AND BEMUSED, WEARY IN MIND, BODY AND SPIRIT HOPELESSNESS BEGINS TO OVERWHELM THEM...

LET'S FACE IT — WE'RE COMPLETELY LOST!

ARE WE EVER GOING TO FIND OUR WAY OUT OF THIS NIGHTMARE PLACE? IT'S LIKE A — MAZE A LABYRINTH!

HOW TRUE HOW VERY TRUE THOSE WORDS OF ROLLO'S ARE FOR THIS BEWILDERING PLACE IS PERHAPS THE MOST FAMOUS LABYRINTH EVER KNOWN TO MAN — THE LABYRINTH INHABITED BY ONE OF THE MOST FANTASTIC MEMBERS OF GREEK MYTHOLOGY — **THE MINATAUR!**

PART MAN, PART BULL, THE GREAT, MONSTROUS, AWESOME CREATURE SIRS FROM WHERE HE TAKES HIS EASE IN THE VERY HEART OF THE MAZE

WHO DARES TO INVADE THE ABODE OF THE MINATAUR?

NEXT WEEK: PREPARE YOURSELVES FOR THE STARTLING, STAGGERING ENCOUNTER BETWEEN THE MEN AND THE **MINATAUR!** AND THANKS FOR ALL YOUR WONDERFUL LETTERS YOU WRITE PRAISING THE LEGEND TESTERS AFTER ALL THE NICE THINGS YOU SAY, WE'VE JUST GOT TO KEEP IT GREAT!

GRIMLY FEENDISH

THE ROTTENEST CROOK IN THE WORLD

HELLO, FOLKS! I'M GRIMLY FEENDISH!

AND HE'S HORRIBLE! UGH!!

OHHO! OHHO!

I'VE JUST THOUGHT UP MY MOST BRILLIANT SCHEME YET TO SNATCH THOSE FACTORY WAGES!

HOW ARE YOU GOING TO DO IT, MISTER FEENDISH?

BY DISGUISING MYSELF —

HELLO, HELLO! NOW DO YOU LIKE IT, EH?

IT'S THE COPS! — RUN!

WAIT FOR ME!

TEE-HEE! THEY DIDN'T STOP LONG ENOUGH TO SEE IT'S ME, OL' GRIMLY!

LATER AT THE BANK

THERE YOU ARE, MR QUILL. BUT IS IT SAFE TO CARRY SO MUCH CASH AROUND WITH OL' GRIMLY FEENDISH ABOUT?

FACTORY WAGES

CASHIER

IT'S O.K. — THERE'S A POLICEMAN OUTSIDE. I'LL ASK HIM TO ESCORT ME TO THE FACTORY

WILL YOU SEE ME SAFELY TO MY FACTORY, OFFICER? I'VE GOT £35,000 IN MY BAG!

IT'S QUIET ENOUGH! I'LL CLONK THIS TWIT AND SNATCH THE LOOT — NOW!

KERDOOM

PONNG!

THERE'S NOT MUCH TO WORRY ABOUT, OFFICER — MY BAG'S PACKED WITH ANTI-THIEF GADGETS LIKE THIS — BOFF!

OH, DEAR! POOR OFFICER — I'M SO SORRY!

TWEET TWEET!

YIKES — IT'S —

STAND STILL AND BE CLOBBERED, YOU WORM!

— GRIMLY FEENDISH!

MUMMY!

GASP! PANT! GASP! RUN, LEGS, RUN! GO AWAY, FEENDISH, YOU CAN'T HAVE THE MONEY!

ZOOM!

THUNDERING HOOVES!

I'VE NEARLY GOT 'IM! JUST ROUND THIS CORNER, AND—

PANT! PANT!

CRUNCH!

FTOOM!

— OOH, NASTY! POOR OL' GRIMLY — THAT'S TWICE HE'S COPPED IT AND HIS POOR OL' FEET IS TOO TROUBLE TO KNOW YOU —!

CENSORED BY ALF AND CO.

GOING TO BED — GRIMLY

POOR OL' MISTER FEENDISH! HE SEEMED TO HAVE A NASTY FACEACHE WHEN HE CAME BACK — WONDER IF HE SPENT THOSE FACTORY WAGES AT THE DENTIST'S!

OHNK! WILL I NEVER FLY?

SNIGGER! SNIGGER!

Amaze your friends
with the NEW
ANGLO HULA-BALL

Send for your complete Hula-Ball set today! The beautifully finished plastic hoop is 17" across with a strong handle grip and two Hula balls. Hop on the happy Hula-Ball band wagon — everyone in your school will soon be doing it.

Start with one . . . Try it with two . . . Do anything you want it to do

Post the coupon with 3 ANGLO wrappers — one from Anglo BUBBLY— one from TIP TOP and one from either PEAK or BLACK CAT together with your postal order for 6/11 (don't send cash.)

HURRY! Collect your wrappers TODAY

TO ANGLO OFFER, C/O C.M.S. LTD., 71 ST. MARY AXE, LONDON, E.C. COMPS.

Please send me my own Hula-Ball post free. I enclose a postal order for 6/11, made payable to C.M.S. Ltd., plus one wrapper from Bubbly, one from Tip Top and one from either Peak or Black Cat.

NAME ..... (Block Capitals)

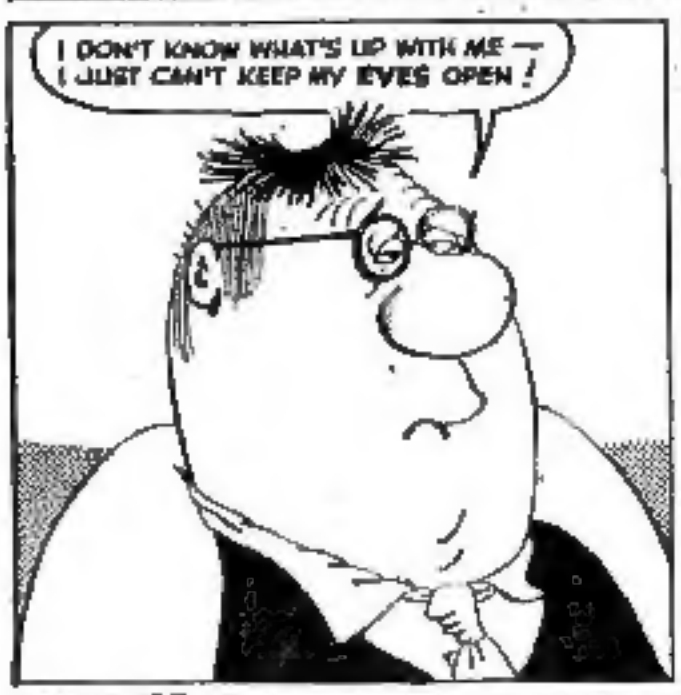
ADDRESS .....

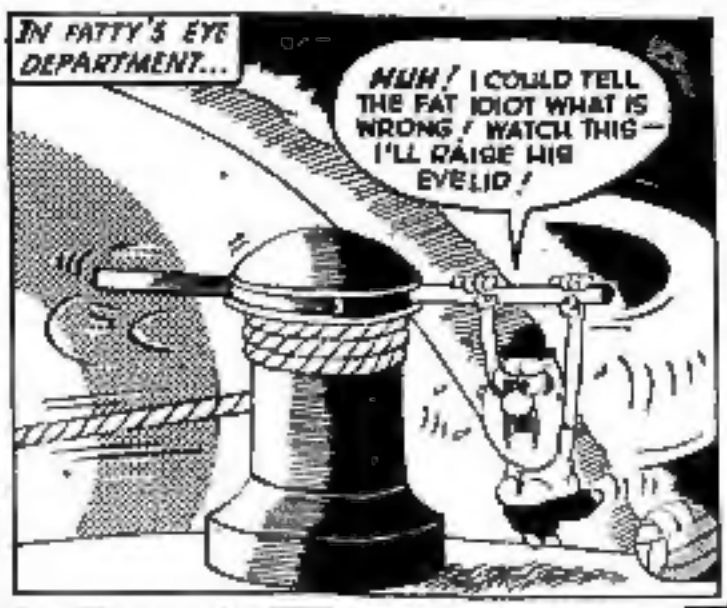
.....

TOWN ..... COUNTY .....

RI

THE NERVS


I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S UP WITH ME — I JUST CAN'T KEEP MY EYES OPEN!


IN FATTY'S EYE DEPARTMENT...
HUH! I COULD TELL THE FAT IDIOT WHAT IS WRONG! WATCH THIS — I'LL RAISE HIS EYELID!

WHIZZZZZZ!
EYE - DEPT
PENALTY
20 LASHES
by Order
LOOK AT THAT — IT WON'T STAY UP! THE LOCKING DEVICE HAS HAD IT! IT NEEDS A NEW WASHER!
THUD!

HALLO — IS THAT THE WASHER WOMAN? WHERE'S THE BLINKIN' WASHER I ORDERED? I CAN'T KEEP FATTY'S EYES OPEN WITHOUT IT!
STABLE EYE LASHES
TEA
JAM

THERE'S A WAITING LIST, CHUM — AND YOU'RE AT THE END OF IT! IT'LL BE WEEKS BEFORE I GET ROUND TO YOU!
HAND WASHER

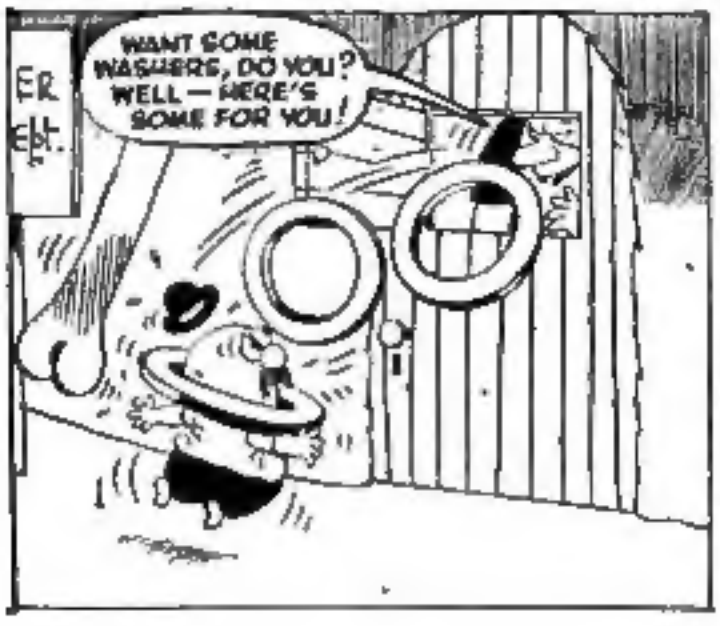
HEH! HEH! I BET THAT'S SHUT HIM UP!
CRUNCH!

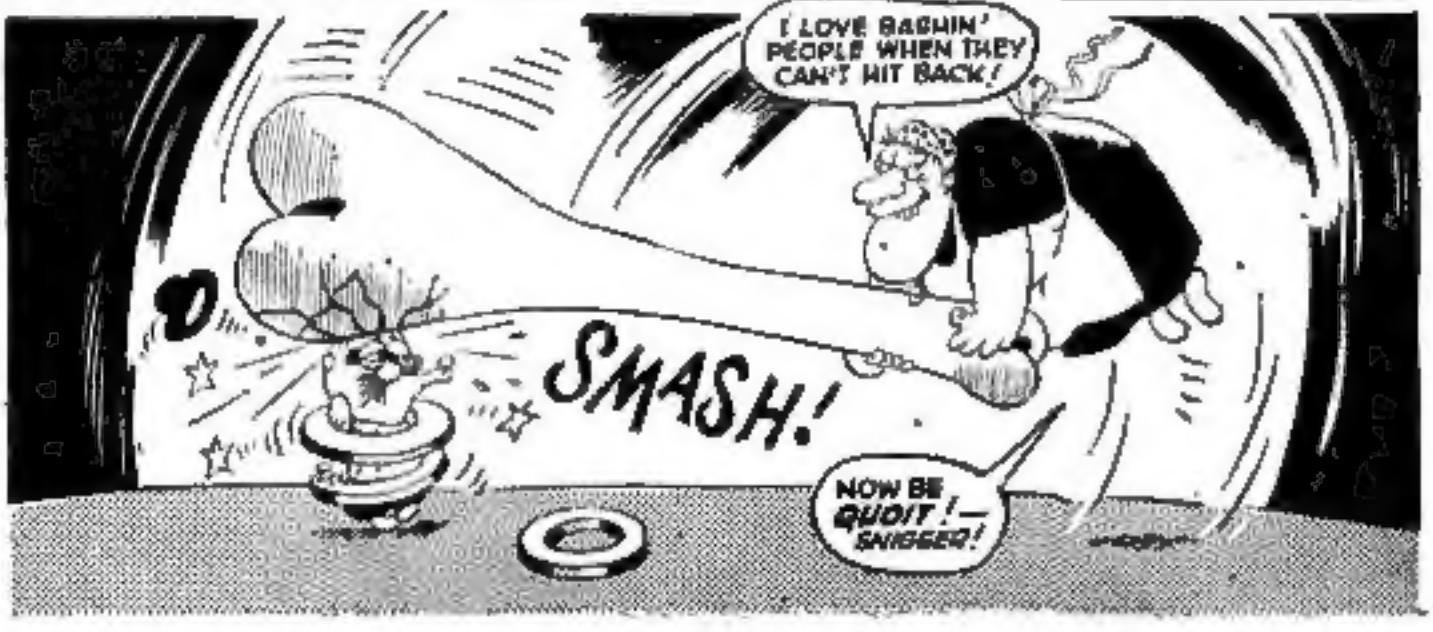
WEEKS?! I CAN'T WAIT THAT LONG! I'LL GO AND HELP MYSELF — AND NO FAT OL' WOMAN IS GOING TO STOP ME!
THIS IS A PUBLIC EYEWAY

THIS BONE I GOT FROM THE TUM DEPARTMENT WILL MAKE A SMASHING CLUB!
WASHER DEPT.
ALL MY OWN WORK
KNOCK & ENTER
DOG

AN-NA! I THOUGHT THAT LITTLE TWIT WOULD NOT TAKE 'NO' FOR AN ANSWER!

ER
PT.
OPEN UP IN THERE!
KNOCK!
KNOCK!


ER
PT.
WANT SOME WASHERS, DO YOU? WELL — HERE'S SOME FOR YOU!


I LOVE BASHIN' PEOPLE WHEN THEY CAN'T HIT BACK!
SMASH!
NOW BE QUOIT! — SNIGGER!

COR! CASSIUS CLAY HIMSELF WOULDN'T STAND MUCH CHANCE AGAINST HER— BUBBLE!!

I'D BETTER GIVE BACK THIS BONE TO THE TUM NERVS!

IN FATTY'S TUM...

GASTRIC JUICE

LOOK AT THIS — I GOT A SPLINTER FROM THE HAND NERVS. I'VE SHARPENED IT SO'S WE CAN USE IT AS A COCKTAIL-SAUSAGE STICK! CLEVER, EH?

MEANWHILE...

I MUST BE RUN-DOWN! I'LL TAKE A VITAMIN PILL— IT MIGHT HELP!

RUMBLE,

PILL CHUTE

LOOK OUT! FATSO'S TAKING PILLS!

PILL CHUTE

CRUNCH!

LOOK WHERE IT'S LANDED!

IT'S NO GOOD NOW! IT'S GOT A HOLE IN IT! MIGHT AS WELL THROW IT AWAY!

YEOW! WHO SAID IT'S NO GOOD — IT'S PERFECT!

COO! WHAT'S HE SO HAPPY ABOUT?

TIM DEPT

WAY UP →

YAHOO!

NO IDEA!

LOOK — IT MAKES A PERFECT WASHER!

ETC-ETC-ETC

— NOW I CAN OPEN FATTY'S EYES!

HEY! THAT PILL DID THE TRICK! I'M WIDE AWAKE NOW! GOSH — I'M A GENIUS!

MUM! HE ALWAYS TAKES THE CREDIT! IT'S ME WHO'S THE FLIPPIN' GENIUS!

QUEEN OF THE SEAS

BERTRAM BLOOP HAS JUST ATTEMPTED TO BLOW HIS BRAINS OUT WITH A FLARE GUN—LOADED WITH WET FISH!

'COURSE NOTHING'S HAPPENED, YOU FAT NIT!—YOU'VE GOT NO BRAINS TO BLOW OUT!

WHY DID BERT WANT TO BLOW HIS BRAINS OUT?—BECAUSE HE DIDN'T WANT THEM TO REMEMBER THIS—!

IT'S A CRASHING ATOMIC AIRSHIP WITH QUEENIE HANGING BENEATH IT!

—RIGHT, LET'S DO SOMETHING! TAKE THIS TOWEL AND GO AND DRY OFF THE COAL, SO THAT WE CAN START THE ENGINES!

AYE-AYE, CAPTAIN!

PRESIDENT CORTEZ OF SAN FAIREE ANNE (WHO BUILT THE AIRSHIP) IS ADDRESSING HIS IMPOVERISHED PEOPLE...

CITIZENS! REJOICE!

...FOR OUR GLORIOUS ATOMIC AIRSHIP WILL SOON BE ARRIVING IN EENGLAND FOR THEIR PRIME MINISTER TO SEE. THEN WE WEEL GET ZE BEEG ORDER TO BUILD ONE FOR THEM—AND OUR COUNTRY WEEL BE RICH!

CARAMBA! I HOPE SO—FOR HIS SAKE!

ALMS FOR ZE POOR!

AT THIS MOMENT, THE GLORIOUS ATOMIC AIRSHIP IS DRIFTING ALMOST IDLY OVER THE SERPENTINE.

COAL DRIED OFF, CAP'N! READY TO LIGHT FIRE!

CARRY ON, NUMBER ONE!

WOT'S DAT UP DERE?

MUST BE AN ADVERTISIN' STUNT FOR PORK SAUSAGES, SON.

FIRE-BOX LIT, CAPTAIN! ERK! THE FLIPPIN' FUNNEL'S ON FIRE!

TWO TICKS LATER...

ROAR!

'ELP!—AAGH! WE'RE ADRIFT!

—ER—GRILLED SAUSAGES, SON!

FOLLOWING THE FLARE-UP THE GLORIOUS ATOMIC AIRSHIP HANGS IN SPACE LIKE SOME MONSTROUS PARROT-CAGE, HER GAS-BAGS POPPING PROFUSELY!

WHOOSH

PLEASE! DO NOT PANIC! I AM SURE ZE CREW HAS EVERYTHING OUT OF CONTROL!

AHHH!

ELMER! (SHRIEK!) CALL THE COPS!

WE WANT OUR MONEY BACK!

SUDDENLY, THE AIRSHIP'S LAST GAS-BAG GOES BANG, AND—

CLUTTERBUCK! QUICK! LOOK AT THAT! GASP! GET THE VAN OUT AN' DRIVE ME TO THE NEAREST PHONE-BOX!

H. WEALSON. OFFICE

EVENING BLAB ATOMIC AIRSHIP BUST IN LONDON

ER-S-SURE, MR. WEALSON!

'ELP! S.O.S!

—AND, SIX MINUTES LATER, IN SAN FAIREE-ANNE...

PRESIDENT CORTEZ, I HAVE AN URGENT CALL FOR YOU—FROM ENGLAND

CRACKLE

THIS EES IT, MY PEOPLE—

ZEE BIG EENGLISH OFFER FOR ATOMIC AIRSHIPS! LISTEN TO THIS...

AAGH! CAPTAIN! WE'VE PLUNGED INTO THE PERISHIN' DRINK! 'ELP! S.O.S! LAUNCH THE LIFEBOAT!

SPLOOSH!

CRUMEN!

—ER—HELLO! WOULD THIS BE HIS EXCELLENCY PRIME MINISTER HAROLD WILSON OF LONDON! I SPEAK WITH?

'S'RIGHT, COCK! 'ONEST 'AROLD WEALSON! IF YER INTERESTED IN FLOGGIN' YER AIRSHIP, I WANNA BE FIRST TO MAKE YER A FAIR OFFER!

H. WEALSON

HEE-HEE! YES! YES! GO ON! HOW MUCH ARE YOU WILLING TO PAY FOR EET—ER—MEESTER WILSON, YOUR EXCELLENCY?

SECONDS LATER, THE 67TH SAN FAIREE-ANNANIAN REVOLUTION BEGINS!

WELL, GUV! I'LL BE GENEROUS WIV' YER—THREE POUNDS FIFTEEN SHILLINGS AH' A TANNER! ALL RIGHT?

—THAT'S START ZE REVOLUTION!

BANG!

CRASH!

CARAMBA!

HELP! (GASP!) MISTER JOHNSON! IT'S ME AGAIN! (CROAK!) LET ME IN! LIFT ZE BARRIER—QUEEK! VIVA LA U.S.A!

LYNCH HIM! BRING HE KOMM BACK FROM EXILE! STEELING DOR ZE TRAITOR!

BANG!

U.S.A. BORDER. 300 MILES.

COR! THAT SAN FAIREE-ANNE LOT HAVE REVOLTED AGAIN! I WONDER WHO WAS AT THE BACK OF THIS ONE?

WHO CARES! COME ON! TURN TO THE ADVERTS AN' TRY TO FIND A SALVAGE FIRM THAT WILL RAISE QUEENIE CHEAP!

LOOK TIME REVOLT IN S AMERICA

NEXT WEEK A NEW ADVENTURE STARTS THAT'LL MAKE THIS ONE LOOK MILD!